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ARTHUR KEMP LEAVING HOME.

## STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

CHAPTER XX.

EARLY HISTORY OF ARTHUR KEMP.

'BRING him, by all means, Basil.' So said Mr. Leonard Marsden one evening, after Basil had re-

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turned home, and with some hesitation had expressed a half wish to introduce his fellow clerk, Arthur Kemp, to his father and sister.

"I am not at all sure that you will like him father," said Basil.

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"If you like him, that is enough, Basil," returned Mr. Marsden; "I do not see why I should not: we never differ much in opinion, my dear boy."

"But I am not sure that I like Arthur either. Sometimes I am amused by him, and sometimes I pity him; and then at other times I cannot help blaming him," continued Basil. "As to Minnie, I don't know whether she will like him or not."

"Well, never mind; we are not overburdened with visitors. Poor Minnie, especially, has no society."

Minnie looked up from the kerchief she was hemming: "I have you, father, and Basil; and when you are away there is Mrs. Harebell; I am not badly off, I think. But why do you think I shall not like Arthur Kemp, Basil?" she wished to know.

Basil could not explain why. Being closely pressed, he was constrained to admit that Arthur was a pleasant sort of companion; good-natured and obliging as a fellow clerk; young, and rather good looking than otherwise; but that, unfortunately, he had lived long enough in London to learn "what," said Basil, "I hope I shall never learn, however long I may live here—the abominable slang of the streets—the low-lived expressions caught up from vulgar songs and the lowest play-houses."

"I shall not like him, then, Basil," said Minnie, in a very decided tone.

"It is want of thought in Arthur, and an unfortunate habit of imitation," Basil went on. "He can speak and behave as gentlemanly as any one, when he has a mind to it. Poor fellow, he is to be pitied. You must not let me prejudice you against him, Minnie."

"What is there about him to be pitied?" asked Minnie. "I never knew, till this evening, that you thought or cared so much about him."

"It is only this evening that I have known so much about him as I do now," said Basil, gravely; "and for more reasons than one I cannot help being sorry for poor Kemp, and taking an interest in him. He has no cheerful little sister, like you, Minnie, for a companion: he has no one in all wide London who cares for him: what friends he has live a long way off, in Rusticshire: and he has no comfortable home in London, but just mere lodgings with people who have no interest in him at all, beyond the little profit they can make of him."

"He is to be pitied for that, then," said Basil's sister. "Who are his friends?"

"His father is a dissenting minister with a large family and a poor congregation, he tells me," Basil began.

"The two positions often go together," said Mr. Leonard, drily, looking up from his newspaper. And, by the way, it was noticeable that whereas, in former days, Mr. Leonard Marsden had been profoundly indifferent to what was going on in the busy world around him, he was now quite concerned if by any accident he had to forego his daily hour's full study of the "Times." It may be that he attributed to his former supineness in this respect, the facility with which he had been drawn into the speculation which had ruined him: but if so, his new-found regard for the daily press

was somewhat like locking the stable door when the horse was stolen.

"I am sorry for it," said Basil, in reply to his father's interjectional remark; and then he went on with his narrative, which was to this effect:—Arthur was the eldest son of his father, and, until he was sixteen years old, had been brought up at home with much strictness. He had no companions of his own sex, for several of the immediately succeeding children in his father's family were girls. The life of the Kemps was one of sad privation; not the outspoken poverty which everybody can understand, and which seeks no veil to hide its features, because it needs none; not the poverty of rags and tatters, or of patched coarse garments, of stockingless, shoeless feet, of a squalid lodging in a London garret or a Liverpool cellar, or of a miserable hut in a country village:—it was the poverty which must be concealed, which must be lodged in a respectable habitation, must wear decent and becoming garments, must make some show of comfort, must make a pretence of spreading a table-cloth when there is nothing but dry bread (if there be always that) to put upon it, must use a silver tooth-pick after a no-dinner, to prove that it has dined, must pay its way in the world, though the purse be empty; the poverty, in short, which clings like a leprosy to hundreds and thousands of every class of professional men in our country, and every country; a poverty from which, indeed, some emerge, but which, for the most part, hangs for life like a millstone around the neck, chilling the hearts, deadening the energies, defeating the efforts, and hastening on the end of the mortal career of those whom it has once touched.

The father of Arthur Kemp was thus poor. He was a man of unblemished character, or he could not have remained in the position which his talents had procured for him: he was pious—he would have been sadly, fearfully misplaced without this essential element in his character. He was well educated; he was useful, also, and respected; but he couldn't get rid of his poverty. And yet his income would have been a rich living for an agricultural labourer; it equalled, or nearly equalled, the aggregate wage of a second-rate journeyman mechanic. He did not complain of his poverty: he loved his people, and he believed in his heart that they gave him as much as they could. He knew, as a matter of naked fact, that many of them had fewer pounds in the year "coming in" than he himself had, and he had not the heart to complain of his poverty. He looked around him, and saw others struggling like himself; tradesmen, who could not make both ends meet; medical men and lawyers, without practice; curates, with stipends less than his own; artists and authors, starving for want of employment: and his own trials were lightened by the comparison, though he felt grieved for his fellow-sufferers. He did not whimper about his poverty, nor complain that of all callings in the world his own was the most unfortunate; that its poverty was a jest in the mouth of scorners, and a disgrace to Christianity; he did not write himself down ill-used, nor his profession neglected and despised, because, like all other professions, its returns, in worldly elements of success, were un-

equal; he did not think that he was entitled to all the sympathy in the world, and his family to all kinds of charitable assistance from the prosperous, to the exclusion of Mr. A. the struggling attorney, or Mr. B. the laborious but ill-paid village doctor. But, think as he might, and reason as he would, the reverend Arthur Kemp was poor.

He had married early in life, soon after leaving college, and when chosen as the pastor of the small dissenting church in Rusticshire, a young lady of some refinement, and whose best and only portion was her piety. They had been engaged some years; and, though the assured income of the young minister was at that time so small that it would have been wisdom in him to have paused before committing himself to the grave responsibilities and certain expenses of matrimony, ardent affection and strong hope and trust gained the day—he was married. For a few years all was sunshine and promise. The young couple thought themselves in an Eden. They had scrupulously lived just within their income, which had been somewhat increased in permanent amount as one child after another was born to them. From the one wealthy, or comparatively wealthy member of his flock, the pastor and his wife had also received many valuable and opportune gifts, in addition to his annual contribution to the support of the ministry. These gifts, delicately conferred, had helped the young couple over more than one small temporary difficulty, and given them just cause for gratitude and praise.

It was not, then, till after about seven years of connubial felicity, and when five children were clinging to their skirts, that gloom and darkness began evidently to gather round them. The wealthy member of their little community died, and left no one, like-minded with himself, to supply his lack of service; the pastor's income had, it was too plainly to be seen, reached its culminating point; thenceforward, any alteration must be for the worse, for poverty was pressing on his church, and he hadn't it in his heart to urge upon his people the claims of a growing and expensive family. There was about this time, too, a slight advance in the price of all the necessary commodities of life; not much, but enough to make poverty more severely felt. The health of the pastor's wife began, also, to fail, and his own energies to sink. The romance of life had passed away, and thenceforward came its stern reality. It is no disparagement, no personal reflection, at any rate, on the character of the poor minister, since it is shared by so many besides, to say that he was not fitted, either by constitutional heroism or by a long course of training, to cope with the stern reality and its fast accumulating difficulties. He became moody, left off visiting his people, secluded himself in the privacy of his study, where he sat for hours and days glooming over his fading prospects. His congregation, though they might have guessed the cause of the change they witnessed in him, did not; or, had they known it, they might with some justice have said, "We have our trials too: we have increasing families, failing health and strength, we are struggling in life with hard times; but we can't give in in this sort of way. We who are tradesmen must put

on a smiling countenance to our customers, and not shut ourselves up all day in our parlours because trade is slack and credit bad; and we who are workmen—why, if the iron be blunt, we have to put to more strength." There was some force in this reasoning, and some fallacy. If Mr. Kemp had been a blacksmith or a carpenter, he would probably have battered and banged away at his anvil or his bench, and the bodily exercise and exertion would have nerved his mind to endurance of the unavoidable troubles of his life. Work would have been his best relief. But, as it was, the stricken, overloaded mind had both to work and to bear, with no help from the body.

They said that their pastor's preaching had lost its former unction and power; they complained that he did not visit; they pitied while they blamed; but they blamed while they pitied him. They did not want to lose him; they remembered with affection his former labours; they loved him still; they could not bear the thought of thrusting him out of the vineyard; they did not even like to complain, nor even to hint at any deficiencies; but, oh, that he would only rouse himself, and exert himself!

He did sometimes rouse himself, and then he preached, said his people, as even in his best days he had never or rarely preached; and they thought that the fault of their dissatisfaction must be in themselves. But these illnesses became less and less frequent as his difficulties increased. His energies seemed expended; he became a prey to constant depression of mind and body. Worse than all, he grew languid in seeking that divine strength which would have fortified his soul against his trials.

Little Arthur was now six or seven years old; and he must be educated at home if educated at all. So must his sisters also. The parents had more than enough to do to pay for rent, firing, a servant's wages, food and clothing, and to keep up such an appearance as that no disgrace should through them be cast on the gospel ministry; they could not send their children to school. Alas! a greater disgrace awaited them than the want of appearance; they insensibly and by slow degrees became involved in debt. This put the coping stone on the poor pastor's misery. Under these inauspicious circumstances, with a lacerated heart and a soured mind, the father became his boy's teacher—an irregular one, for his attention was divided. Worse than this, the naturally placid and affectionate man became severe; and the boy soon learned—sooner than he learned anything else—to hate his lessons and to dread his father. The girls became the mother's pupils, with similar results. Poor woman! what could she do, with the cares of a household pressing heavily on her, and demanding all her attention; with infants around her, to distract her mind; with a peevish, an almost hypochondriacal husband, and with ill health in herself—what could she do as a teacher? But our business is with the little Arthur.

We have said that he soon began to hate learning, and to dread his severe father. He did more than this; he began to dislike religion. While his father was flattering himself that at least his boy was escaping the contaminating influences of

other boys, the seeds were being sown in that boy's heart of indifference to his father's God—of contempt and infidelity. He failed to discover in his father's conduct, much of the benign influence of the religion of Jesus. The voice which, Sunday after Sunday, he heard from the pulpit, telling of a Saviour's mercy, was the same voice which, day after day, addressed him in sternness and threatening. The hand which, in public, was uplifted to heaven in supplication, was the hand which inflicted on him chastisement for venial faults, for blots in a copy book, errors in a sum, false concord in a Latin composition. He shuddered at the sight of that hand—and that a father's hand.

Time went on and on. The father loved his son, and grieved over what appeared to be the boy's obduracy. And the boy was obdurate and hardened; or rather, he was insensible. He wished himself anything but what he was; anybody's son but a minister's; anywhere but at home.

But it was not easy for him to leave home. When his painful and imperfect education had so far terminated that his father had given it up in despair, many attempts to place the youth in a situation failed; generally from want of funds to pay an apprentice fee, or from want of means to sustain him away from home, or to furnish him with a necessary outfit. At length an opportunity occurred. A kind-hearted man from London—a large corn dealer, and a Friend—visited the little town of —, in Rustieshire, on business. He accidentally heard of the straits of the poor dissenting minister, and called upon him. The result was, a present which brought tears to the poor pastor's eyes and relief to his heart; and, in addition to this timely assistance, an offer to provide a situation for Arthur, in London, in which he might earn his own living.

We need not say that the offer was gratefully accepted; and in the kind-hearted Friend, our readers will trace the gentleman who had assisted Basil Marsden. By what means he had attained, or was able to exert sufficient influence over Mr. Joseph Rutland, as to have the nomination of his junior clerks, it is not necessary, here at least, to attempt to explain.

The parting of the youth from his parents was a painful one, yet not without some hope and promise. The father wept, and implored forgiveness of his son for those instances of harshness which he had bitterly repented when the mood was over, and for which he had often humbled himself before God. The boy was melted too; it must be a desperately hard heart that can withstand a father's prayers for forgiveness. The mother wept on the son's neck, and kissed him again and again. Once and again the parents entreated the boy to "remember his Creator in the days of his youth;" to "flee youthful lusts;" to "remember the sabbath day to keep it holy;" to "search the scriptures;" and Arthur promised that he would be mindful of these things. And so they parted.

We have enlarged upon Basil's narrative; for we know much of Arthur Kemp of which he was necessarily ignorant. We shall continue the narrative in the following chapter, in Basil's own words.

## THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

BY ONE OF ITS SURVIVORS.

### PART II.

THIS grand expedition, which whitened the ocean with its sails, started from the Downs on the 28th of July, 1809. A notorious smuggler of the name of Johnson, who had been confined for some time in the Fleet prison for a daring infringement of the revenue laws, and who was thoroughly acquainted with every creek and cranny, sand and shoal, along the whole coast of Holland, was liberated on condition that he should pilot the fleet to the destined point of disembarkation; and he faithfully fulfilled his engagement. The fleet arrived off the Dutch coast on the 29th of July, and on the following day twenty thousand men were landed on the island of Walcheren, near the mouth of the Scheldt, which there falls into the German ocean. On the first of August the earl of Chatham established his head-quarters at the fine city of Middelburg, the capital of the island, and having driven the whole of the French troops into the strongly fortified seaport town of Flushing, he invested the place and commenced siege operations against it.

On the same day, another division of the army disembarked on the smaller island of Cadsand, also near the mouth of the Scheldt, which river, after passing by Antwerp, divides itself into two channels, holding, as it were, the eight principal and some smaller islands which form the province of Zealand, between its arms. One of these channels runs eastward, the other westward; the latter is the principal branch, and by taking complete possession, as our troops speedily did, of Cadsand, the way was opened for the passage of the fleet up that main branch towards Antwerp.

A few days afterwards sir Richard Siracchan passed up this channel with eighteen sail of the line, and both passages of the Scheldt were soon occupied by the British men-of-war. The land forces made equally rapid progress. They took the strongly fortified town of Ter Vere, on the north-east coast of Walcheren—a very important post—its garrison of a thousand men surrendering to the British. Ter Goes, a large and strong town, the capital of the island of South Beveland, was also taken; and sir John Hope, at the head of seven thousand men, pushed rapidly forward, and appeared on the evening of the 2nd of August before the gates of Bats, which he instantly summoned to surrender. Such was the consternation produced by the sudden advance of the British forces, that the whole garrison retired during the night, and this most important fortress was taken possession of in the morning by our troops without firing a shot!

So far, then, complete success had attended the onward movement towards the grand aim of the expedition—Antwerp. Both channels of the Scheldt were occupied by British men-of-war; and the islands and fortresses in the principal stream, up to within fifteen miles of the city, were occupied by the British land forces, thirty-two thousand of which might have been assembled around the walls of Antwerp in three or four days more.

In the meantime the siege of Flushing was being vigorously pursued by sea and land. But



this measure was worse than useless, now that the fleets had advanced up both branches of the Scheldt; and it was at complete variance with the earl of Chatham's instructions, which, as we have seen, were to push on with all speed to Antwerp. That nobleman, however, practically reversed the tenor of his instructions, by losing priceless time in besieging Flushing, whilst the expedition, excepting a small force left to invest that place, ought to have been on its rapid way to seize Antwerp before the enemy could collect a sufficient force for its defence.

The siege of Flushing lasted till the 16th of August. The place was well defended. The garrison made several bold sorties whilst our troops were working in the trenches; but the approaches were gradually advanced nearer and nearer, and on the 13th the breaching batteries opened their fire on the land side from fifty-two heavy guns, whilst seven ships of the line and a large flotilla of gun-boats kept up a most vigorous cannonade from the seaboard, which soon silenced the enemy's batteries on that side, and ruined the defences. The town was set on fire in several places by the explosions of the shells thrown into it from our batteries.

This fierce bombardment continued for three days with fearful effect. The unfortunate inhabitants were in the utmost consternation; their town was literally crumbling around them, and they implored the French general Monnet to surrender before the place should be stormed—a danger which was imminent, for several breaches had been made in the defences, and the British forces were close at hand, ready to mount to the assault. The French general at length sent an officer, protected by a flag of truce, to the English general, to propose a suspension of arms, preparatory to arrangements for a surrender. The capitulation of Flushing took place on the 16th of August, 1809, with five thousand eight hundred prisoners, and two hundred pieces of cannon. The prisoners, together with those taken in other affairs, amounting in all to upwards of seven thousand, were sent to England. The islands of Schouwen and Duiveland surrendered to the British on the same day that Flushing capitulated.

Here, however, ended the success of the British forces, if that can be called a success which proved a complete bar to the attainment of the principal object of this powerful expedition. On the day after the surrender of Flushing, namely, the 17th of August, admiral sir Richard Keats, the commander of the naval squadron on that service, wrote to lord Rosslyn, the general commanding in the district, that he was ready to co-operate with him for the reduction of Antwerp. Lord Rosslyn replied that he had not received any instructions from the earl of Chatham as to the ulterior operations; but that he had some reason to expect the commander-in-chief at Ter Goes on the following day, and would not fail to apprise sir Richard of his arrival.

But it was not until the 21st that lord Chatham left Middelburg and proceeded to Ter Goes, a distance of only fourteen miles. On the following day he had an interview with sir John Hope. On the 23rd he proceeded thirteen miles on his way to Batz; on the 24th he performed the remaining six miles, and established his head-quarters at that

place eight days after the surrender of Flushing! This supineness on the part of lord Chatham was fatal to the other and all important objects of the expedition. The French government, which at first had been taken by surprise by the entrance into the Scheldt of the formidable British expedition, had been allowed time to rally. The emperor Napoleon was afar off, on the banks of the Danube, but his able minister of the interior, Fouché, acted most energetically upon his own responsibility in this great emergency. The king of Holland, too, Napoleon's brother, and father of the present emperor of the French, hastened to take advantage of the breathing time afforded by lord Chatham's slowness and indecision, and despatched troops towards Antwerp.

Fouché, by his ardent proclamations, aroused the military ardour of the citizens of France; saying, in one of these compositions: "Let Europe see that if the genius of Napoleon gives glory to France, still his presence is not necessary to enable her to repel her enemies from her soil." General Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo, and afterwards, by one of those strange turns of fortune not uncommon at that time in the career of French generals, king of Sweden, happened to be in Paris in a sort of disgrace with Napoleon, on account of the alleged slowness of his movements as a general of division at the celebrated battle of Wagram. Fouché, in conjunction with the minister of war, called upon him to take the command of the forces destined for the defence of Antwerp. Bernadotte hesitated at first to undertake the office, on account, it may be supposed, of his awkward position with the emperor. But he eventually accepted it, and lost no time in repairing to his post, and in entering upon its duties with his accustomed energy and ability.

On the 12th of August, the king of Holland arrived at Antwerp at the head of his guards, and five thousand troops of the line. The French generals commanding in Flanders and Picardy despatched an equal number, who arrived from the 14th to the 20th. It was discovered also that the river above Antwerp was navigable for large vessels; so that the French men-of-war might easily be removed out of the reach of danger from our ships.

By the time Bernadotte arrived, thirty thousand men were assembled at and round Antwerp, and he immediately set about putting the place into a complete state of defence. The ditches were cleared out and filled with water; strong batteries were erected on both sides of the Scheldt, and vessels sunk in a narrow part of it to prevent the passage upwards of hostile ships; the sluices, too, were opened, and the country inundated. In short, a successful siege of Antwerp by the British was now impossible. Three thousand of the British troops were already sick in hospital, and the pestilential marshes in that most unhealthy district were fast exercising their malignant influence on the strength of the soldiers. Under these most distressing circumstances the earl of Chatham assembled a council of war, which unanimously decided that the siege of Antwerp was impracticable, and that no advantage could result from any minor operations! Arrangements were made on the following day for the evacuation of South

Beveland; about seventeen thousand men were selected to keep possession of the island of Walcheren; and the rest of the forces were to be sent to England as soon as possible.

On the 14th of September the earl of Chatham, having transferred the command to sir Eyre Coote, sailed for England, leaving eight thousand men on the sick list. The greater part of the naval force, too, returned to the English sea-ports. Thus in seven weeks after this splendid expedition sailed from the Downs, amidst the hearty cheers of thousands of loyal British subjects, with full confidence of its success in reducing the enemy's fortresses, destroying his grand arsenals, and capturing his fleet, it returned crestfallen and vastly diminished by the ravages of a fatal disease, leaving seventeen thousand men pent up in the deadly island of Walcheren, at the most perilous season of the year, when a deeply pestilential and malignant fever is generated by miasmata arising from the marshes, stagnant canals, and unwholesome trenches.

Like most maladies of a similar description, the pestiferous fever to which we have alluded is far more destructive to strangers than to the natives, whose constitutions are hardened against it by their habits of life from childhood. The disease broke out, as was to have been expected, with terrific fierceness among the British troops left in the island. The average number of deaths was at one time from two to three hundred a week, and nearly half the troops were in hospital. Indeed, at one period, the number of sick was not far short of ten thousand! Of the 12,863 sick, also, who at various times were embarked for England from Walcheren, great numbers died on the passage, and the constitutions of most of the survivors were so undermined that they suffered from the dire effects of this searching disease for the remainder of their lives. It was, indeed, a piteous spectacle for those who visited the hospitals to behold the emaciated frames of the dead and dying; to see the poor patients at one time shivering with ague, then scorched with fever, and anon prostrate and bathed in deadly perspiration; to mark the shadowy convalescents wandering about the corridors like so many spectres, in their long flannel hospital gowns; and, saddest sight of all! it was distressing to note the frequent interments. Oh! war! war! what a loathsome, hideous visitant thou art! From a parliamentary return it appeared that seven thousand men perished from all causes during this expedition.

Orders were at last sent out on the 13th of November, 1809, to general Don, who had succeeded sir Eyre Coote in the command of the British troops occupying Walcheren, to abandon the island altogether.

It naturally occurs to the mind, when reflecting upon the appalling condition to which our officers and men were reduced, by a pestilence from which an escape to our own healthy shores might have been effected in a thirty hours' sea passage, to inquire why nearly two months should have been allowed to elapse before the troops, thus so fearfully wasting away, were recalled. The cause was our alliance with Austria. We were, in fact—and strangely does the past seem to resemble the present—waiting for that power to act. The

emperor Francis was negotiating a peace with Napoleon, and he solicited Great Britain to continue her operations in Holland, as a quarter in which a diversion might be most efficaciously made in his favour in case the negotiations should be broken off, and war between France and Austria be renewed. That contingency, however, did not arise. A definitive treaty between France and Austria was signed at Vienna, on the 13th of October, 1809—a most humiliating one for the latter power in every respect, and a standing proof of Austrian treachery and ingratitude towards Great Britain. One of its stipulations turned out to be, that Austria engaged to break off all intercourse with our country, and to place herself in the same situation with respect to it in which she stood before the war. She also acceded to the prohibitive system against British commerce!

Truly it has been observed, that the request to Great Britain of the emperor Francis, whilst he was negotiating the treaty with Napoleon, to continue her operations in Holland, might well have been dictated by the French emperor himself, who could desire no better destination for the British troops that might so seasonably have reinforced the English army in Spain. "We are rejoiced," wrote Napoleon, in a letter to the minister of war, "to see that the English have packed themselves in the morasses of Zealand. Let them be only kept in check, and the bad air and fevers peculiar to the country will soon destroy their army."

#### BALMORAL CASTLE.

THE upper ranges of the Grampian mountains, in the county of Aberdeen, were the great strongholds, in times of old, of some of the most powerful Highland chiefs and clans, as the ruins of ancient fortresses even now testify. There the rule of law was but feeble and fitful, and the royal authority too often only the shadow of a name. It is therefore one of the most curious, and at the same time most pleasing proofs of the altered days in which we live, that, in the very heart of this wild locality, our gracious and beloved queen has been able to fix her summer residence.

Balmoral castle—a spot whose name is now a household word—stands on a green peninsula on the south bank of the river Dee, about fifty miles from its confluence with the German ocean, at the harbour of Aberdeen. Rising from a green platform, fringed with birch and fir, the hill of Craig-Gowan shelters the terrace on the south, while all around mountain barriers of the wildest and most romantic character form an amphitheatre which shuts out the storms of the north. The platform on which the castle stands is the highest table-land in Scotland.

Tradition says that Balmoral castle was built by a Highland chieftain, who was honoured with an earldom by Malcolm Canmore; and the name is interpreted as meaning "the seat of the great earl." Two centuries ago it was little better than a hunting seat, but from the Norman style of the architecture of the original buildings it had evidently belonged to a family who were identified

with the Anglo-Normans, although all trace of the great earl, traditionally assigned as its founder, has long since been lost.

When the late sir Robert Gordon, brother to the earl of Aberdeen, and for many years representative of the British court at Constantinople, retired from public life, he leased Balmoral from the trustees of James, earl of Fyfe, and had it so enlarged and improved that it became one of the most splendid mansions in all the Highlands of Mar. Here, in quiet enjoyment of a modern chieftain's life, the honourable baronet lived for a good many years, beloved by all who knew him, and died suddenly in the year 1848.

The queen and his royal highness prince Albert having made an annual excursion to Scotland for some years, were desirous to purchase a residence in the Highlands, where the prince might enjoy the sports of the field, and her majesty, with the royal children, the quietness of domestic life, free from the obligation of artificial restraint. The earl of Aberdeen recommended to her majesty the princely residence of Balmoral, and sir James Clark, her majesty's physician, having pronounced it to be a healthy locality, the remainder of the lease was taken, and the royal family paid a visit to the mansion in the autumn of 1848. Her majesty travelled by sea to Aberdeen, and thence by land to Balmoral, and was so much pleased with the scenery of the Dee and the romantic grandeur yet retired character of the locality, that arrangements were speedily made for the purchase of the estate by prince Albert, including about thirty square miles of shooting ground, on which are part of Mar forest, well stocked with deer, and Byron's far-famed mountain of "dark Loch-nagar."

It was soon found that the dimensions of this estate were not commensurate with the requirements of the royal family; but it fortunately happened that the beautiful property of Abergeldie, on the south-east, and the compact property of Birkhall, on the south, both marching (as a property which joins another is termed in Scottish nomenclature) into Balmoral, were in the market; and a purchase was made of them—the one, Abergeldie, for the duchess of Kent, and Birkhall for prince Albert. The three estates comprise an area of about fifty square miles, three-fourths of which are in mountains and moor, and the remainder laid out in pasture land and arable fields, thus affording to his royal highness admirable scope for the cultivation of his favourite pursuits on the farm and in the forest.

When the royal family first took possession of Balmoral, the duke of Wellington ordered a few companies of a Highland regiment to Mar castle, a stronghold of the Farquharsons, about eight miles distant, as a guard; but the queen, seeing no need of such protection, commanded their return to Aberdeen, and kept only a few men belonging to the metropolitan police to guard the private grounds from any intrusion by strangers; and perhaps this act did more to strengthen her majesty's "defences" in the Highlands, than if a battalion of the Guards had been sent down from London; and ever since, the excellent conduct both of the people of the district and visitors from every part of the world, has proved that no appeal

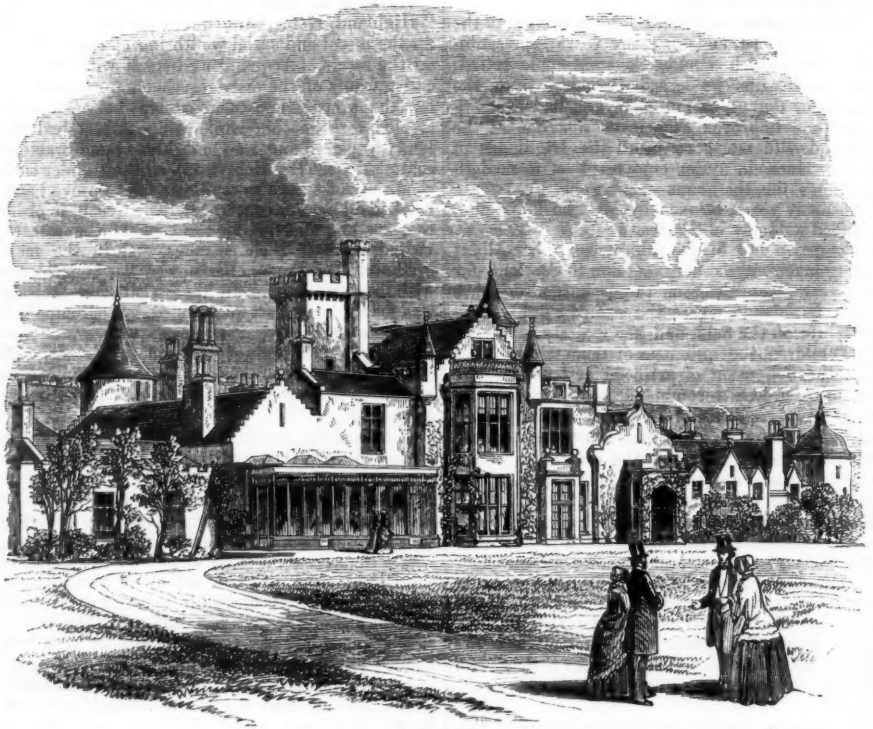
to the affections of a nation will ever be made in vain.

As soon as Balmoral took the character of a "Highland Home," the queen became solicitous for the moral and social well-being of every family on the estate. Acquainting herself with the educative wants of the district, schools were provided for the young, and comfortable cottages were erected for the old; while prince Albert had the tenantry placed under an enlightened and practical commissioner (Dr. Robertson), and put under such conditions of tenure as could not fail to prove beneficial to all parties concerned. The queen, in order to show her affection for the poor of the estates, visited them in their cottages, and in the most kind and liberal manner bestowed her benevolence with her own hand. In these visits her majesty was for the most part unattended, but accompanied by some of the royal children, who were thus trained in the highest of moral virtues, and taught that no condition of rank or station can be exempt from those obligations which Christianity imposes.

Nor were the queen and court less exemplary in regard to the claims of the sabbath. Sunday after Sunday her Majesty walked to church on the arm of prince Albert, followed by their children and attendants, using the royal carriage only when the weather was bad. The parish church of Crathie, where the queen worships, stands on the north of the Deeside road, and is fitted up in the plainest style. Her Majesty and suite occupy the principal seats of one of the galleries, and when the collection is made by means of the *ladle* or little box, handed to each person by an elder, the queen puts in her contribution with the same ease and simplicity as if she were one of the ordinary members of Mr. Anderson's kirk. At first, her Majesty used to be a good deal stared at by strangers, but there is not now any such annoyance to prevent the royal family from profiting by the able and excellent evangelical discourses which have been delivered from the pulpit of Crathie.

During the week days the queen was very fond of taking landscape views of the scenery about Balmoral; and it was no uncommon thing for a pedestrian to find her Majesty engaged at a good point of observation sketching a scene; and so plainly dressed, too, that no one who had not previously known her could, from her simple yet tasteful attire, imagine her to be the queen on whose dominions the sun never sets.

An amusing instance of this happened one day when her Majesty was sketching Balmoral from the high road, on the north side of the Dee. The story runs thus:—A boy coming up with a flock of sheep was annoyed to find that they were afraid to pass the queen, and, walking pretty well up to where her Majesty was standing, said, "Get out of the road, lady, and let the sheep gang by." The queen smiled and moved aside; but still the sheep would not pass. Reiterating his demand, the boy with emphasis called: "I say, gang back, will you, and let the sheep past." An attendant, who was at a short distance off, on hearing the boy, walked up and said: "Do you know, boy, who you are speaking to?" "I dinna ken (don't know), an I dinna care (don't care); that's the sheep's road, and she has nae business to stand there," was the



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boy's reply. "But that's the queen," answered the attendant. "The queen!" exclaimed the boy with amazement. "Is't the queen? Weel, but why disna she put on claes that folk would ken her?" (Why, *Anglice*, does she not dress so that she might be known to be a queen?) Perhaps there was never a higher compliment paid to the good taste and womanly character of our beloved sovereign than this rude but artless remark implies. On another occasion, when the queen was sketching a mountain scene, she called an old man who was herding cattle near, and asked him to tell the names of the principal mountains in the view. He tried to make himself understood, but failed; on which he said: "I'll just send down Jock, and he'll tell you a' the names, for he's at the school, and better learned than me;" and then the old man sent his boy, who named all the mountains, and was well rewarded for his intelligence.

On the estate at Balmoral there is a lake called the *Muick*. Here there are very good pike, and when the weather is fine her Majesty and the Prince enjoy the fishing, and spend a few days every year in aquatic sports. On the margin of the lake there is a comfortable residence called "the Bret," in which the royal family reside for the night; and so entirely secluded are they in this wild and romantic spot, that no one can forcibly intrude on their privacy or disturb their retirement.

Since the court came to reside at Balmoral, a gathering of the Highland clans, for the practice of Highland games and sports, has been held annually. These gatherings usually take place at the old castle of Mar, and present a splendid show. The clans are headed by their chieftains, and the gatherings are conducted so as to give her Majesty some idea of the gatherings of old, when the earl of Mar with his followers were in rebellion against her royal house, and actually made this spot their rendezvous until the rebellion was put down. It could not but be a suggestive sight to her Majesty, when the very spot was pointed out at Braemar, where the earl raised his standard\* of rebellion, especially when contrasting the social condition of the country now with that which prevailed then. The games and Highland dances at those gatherings are now so well known since they came to be annually exhibited in London, that they do not need to be particularly described; but it may be mentioned as a proof of the benevolence of the queen, that when her Majesty came to know that the foot race up a mountain was seldom run without injury to some of the competitors, orders were given that it should be discontinued.

\* The spot stands on one side of Mr. Clark's well-known and comfortable inn. It is now marked by a fir tree, from which, on a recent visit, we plucked a cone in remembrance. The scenery of Braemar in this spot is indeed sublime, and well worthy of an English tourist's visit.



But of all the displays that have yet been made by the Highlanders of Mar for the amusement of the court, the torch-light dance is the most peculiar, and—whatever we may think of the character of such sports—the most suggestive of recollections of old Highland times. Imagine a shooting-box standing on a platform hewn out of the side of a rugged mountain; imagine a flooring laid at the one end in the open air, fenced by three sides of a wooden railing, and the one a canopy elegantly decked and prepared for the reception of the court; imagine four stalwart Highlanders, with torches, at the four corners of this square, six fifiers in front of the throne, and four and twenty Highlanders, each and all carrying torches, dancing to the music of the bagpipe, mingling with it the wild cry of the warwhoops of the ancient clans; imagine all this, and the darkness of night thrown down into the deep glen below, and you have the picture before you. The intention of this was to bring before her Majesty a scene of the semi-barbarous days of yore; and those only who witnessed it can tell how startling the effects were, and how thankful we ought all to feel that here, at least, is the dawn of that day when,

"To ploughshares men will beat their swords,  
To pruninghooks their spears."

But the old castle of Balmoral, with its early associations, like its traditional reminiscences, will soon pass away. Its accommodation being too limited for the increasing wants of the royal family, a new palace is being built, and two years hence every vestige of the old one will have disappeared. The new building occupies a site on the green terrace between the present mansion and the river, and promises, when finished, to be a most commodious and imposing structure. It is being built of granite, quarried on the estate, and is so substantial in all its parts as more to resemble in its solidity the everlasting mountains which form its back-ground, than the perishable fabrics of artificial skill.

When the new building was contracted for, labour was of comparatively little value in the north of Scotland, and timber sold at a low figure; but scarcely were the works begun when both rose in the market, and the contractor, finding that his contract would prove a ruinous affair, prince Albert at once relieved him, and ordered the building to be erected on the principle of giving "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," and by that rule it now proceeds.

Some very interesting incidents have happened since the building was commenced. It will be remembered that a fire broke out in one of the temporary wooden huts occupied by the workmen, during the time the royal family were at Balmoral in 1853. All the huts were burned to the ground; but the exertions of the workmen and nearest tenantry were sufficient to save the more valuable building and it was an interesting sight to see prince Albert, standing as one of a line of men stretching from the fire to the river, and handing bucketful after bucketful of water along until the flames were extinguished. Nor was the queen an indifferent spectator of this scene. Her majesty not only cheered by her presence those engaged in the work of extinguishing the fire, but gave

orders to her attendants with that coolness and self-possession which have ever been characteristic of her royal name. And when it afterwards appeared that the workmen had lost their little savings as well as some clothing, her majesty and the prince gave orders to pay to all a full compensation for their losses.

When the foundation stone of the great tower was to be laid, the queen signified her intention to perform the ceremony herself. In considerate regard for the enjoyment of the tenantry they were invited to be present, and it was truly a fine sight to witness the royal lady, with silver trowel in hand, and using square and plummet in true masonic character, assigning the granite block its resting-place. Three hearty cheers followed, and a social festival in the evening crowned the proceedings of that auspicious day. Since then her majesty and the prince, when at the palace, have paid daily visits to the works, so free from formality that the workmen are never put about by their presence, but work on without feeling the slightest restraint. The prince, also, often walks in amongst the workmen alone, and enters into conversation with the most intelligent of their number, in such a manner as shows that the study of the masonic art is to him no new thing.

Thus much for Balmoral, its rise, progress, present state, and future prospects. It is a "Highland home" of which England may well be proud, and by which Scotland is highly honoured. Science has laid a railway, too, within a few hours' ride of the palace, and in one day, should her majesty be so disposed to shorten the time of her journey, the royal family may go from London to Balmoral. Next summer the electric wires will be extended to the royal demesne, and then, though 550 miles from Downing-street, the crown in the Highlands and the ministry in London may communicate as freely as if the one were at Buckingham palace and the other at Windsor.

## THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

### THE MONEY-ORDER OFFICE.

WE live in an age when what were formerly the luxuries of the wealthy, have become the necessities of the needy. The poorest among us have more personal comforts and intellectual helps than were enjoyed a thousand years ago by the courtiers around a throne, or were attainable by the sovereign upon it. The very paupers in our parish union-houses are better domiciled and lodged than was the great Alfred himself in his prosperity, and have incomparably greater facilities for the attainment of knowledge than the nobles who were his contemporaries. The practical spirit of our time, whose tendency is to bring everything to the touchstone of experiment, embraces all ranks and classes; and, finding its remunerating patrons in the million masses, allows of no exclusive monopoly of new speculations and discoveries. Whatever is good, useful, and practicable in the present day, must become general and universal in order to be permanent. Let the multitude, whom it was once the fashion to despise and deride, refuse their countenance to an undertaking, whatever be its nature, and it falls to the ground, if not as rapidly,

at least as inevitably, as the ripe fruit from the tree when the autumnal wind shakes its boughs. On the other hand, let the multitude applaud, and their approval is the fiat of prosperity and endurance. It is to the recognition of this principle that the numberless and truly marvellous ameliorations which mark the generation of to-day, to a great extent owe their rise and their success; among others, the railway, which is everybody's steam-carriage, ready at any moment to speed him to the farthest limits of the realm—the post-office, which, for the penny which one throws to a crossing-sweeper, will carry his message for him five hundred miles or more—the electric telegraph, which will waft it instantaneously on the wings of lightning—the newspaper, which is everybody's daily world history—the omnibus, which is everybody's carriage-and-pair—and, to close the list abruptly with our present subject, the money-order office, which is everybody's banker.

These brief reflections, which, were we to follow up the train of thought they suggest, might furnish matter for a whole sheet, were prompted by the necessity we were under a few hours ago of sending such a thing as two pounds ten to a friend at a distance. The P. O. order of course occurred to us as the readiest mode, and to the money-order office of the district we instinctively repaired, never thinking but that, as usual, the affair would be managed in a minute, and off our hands. But it happened otherwise. It wanted but a few days of Christmas; and, as we might have expected, had we given it a thought, we found the desk of the single clerk besieged by a very mixed and motley multitude, bearing testimony, by their variety of garb and behaviour, to the wondrous catholicity of the institution, and all eager to have their business transacted.

As advocates of fair-play in everything, it wouldn't have done to elbow our way through and claim priority of service; so, suffering ourselves to be comfortably edged off into a corner, we stood awaiting our turn, and watching the operations as they proceeded. The clerk was counting out twenty sovereigns to a tradesman who had thrust four orders through the rails; as soon as the receiver had stowed them in his pocket, and while he was moving off, a young lady, evidently a governess home for the vacation, presented an order for 5*l*.

"Who sends it?" asks the clerk.

"Mr. Grant, High-street, Edinburgh."

"What is his christian name?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know. Let me see—no, I don't recollect—I never did know."

"Then you must write and ask him—can't pay it without the christian name." And the order is returned with peremptory nonchalance.

"Pleasir," says an ancient, crush-bonneted dame, whose voice, and fingers too, tremble as she lays down the coins, "I want to sen' eightin pence to my grandson sir; he's at school, sir, an' he ain't a comin' home for no holidays sir, acause his mother is ill—an' pleasir—"

"What's his name?" interrupts the clerk, rather unceremoniously.

"Georgy, sir—little Georgy."

"Georgie what?"

"O pleasir, Georgie Collins, sir, please."

"And where does he reside?"

"O, pleasir, he lives along with his mother an' me when he's at home, in Pentingvill."

"Poh—nonsense—where do you want to send the money?"

"O, pleasir, to St. Albins, at Mrs. Brown's, pleasir."

"And who sends it?"

"Oh me, sir, pleasir, I sends it—Margret Collins, sir, Pentingvill-hill, sir."

At length, after a little more circumstantial intelligence, which amuses as much as it annoys the expectant by-standers, the old dame receives her order and disappears.

Then comes forward a tall and taciturn gentleman, a remnant of the old school, with a suspicion of hair-powder and queue still lingering about him. As he towers half a head or more above the rest of the group, he casts a rather rigid look around, and without uttering a word puts a slip of paper into the hand of the clerk, who finds written upon it all the information he is entitled to demand. While the order is making out, he pulls a handsome and well furnished *porte-monnaie* from his pocket, and, extracting a five-pound note and a sixpence, lays them gently on the little slab in front of the desk. Then, replacing his purse, he draws a pocket-book from his breast and takes out a letter, in which he deposits the order when received, and drops it into the post-box as he goes out.

The course of question and answer is resumed before his back is turned, and sums of various amount, reduced to transferable paper, are on the first stage of their route to all parts of the kingdom by that night's post. A dozen persons yet remain to be served, and we are beginning to fear lest four o'clock should strike before the business is got through; but a fellow-expectant suggests that four o'clock will be only the signal for shutting out more applicants, not for turning out those in attendance.

Now rushes in, panting with haste, a man with a weather-beaten face, which we have known this many a year for that of an omnibus conductor. "I'm in a great hurry," he says, "and can't stan' a waitin' nohow—an order for ten shillings, sir, if you please."

"You must wait your turn," says the clerk, positively.

"Can't do it, indeed, sir; my bus 'll be here in three minutes, an' then I must go. I'm sure these here ladies and gentl'men 'll allow it. I must send the old 'oman something for a Christmas dinner, or she'll go without it—an' she've bin a good mother to me."

"To be sure! to be sure!" says an elderly lady in large green spectacles; "my turn comes next: let him have that, and I'll wait till last."

"Thankee, marm," says the conductor; "do the same for you—when I can."

"Ay, ay," say several voices at once; and one adds, "We'll all wait, for the matter of that—the lady shan't lose her turn, nor the old woman her Christmas dinner."

So the conductor gets his order, and his mother far away gets the gratification on Christmas day of eating a Christmas dinner, and drinking the health of her hard-working boy in London, who has not forgotten her.

After the old lady who had offered her turn to the conductor has been attended to, comes a Christchurch boy, with bare head and long gown, who draws a guinea, which, by the glitter of his eye, you may easily see is for his own especial spending at this festive season. He is followed by a servant girl, who wishes to send a part of her wages home; and she again by an Irishman, a smart merry fellow, who disburses a couple of sovereigns, doubtless hardly enough earned, to his wife in Dublin.

By the time our own turn came, we had arrived at some new views with regard to the Money-order Office and its probable moral effect upon the population, to whom it presents such ready facilities for affording to one another, when separated by distance, substantial proofs of undiminished duty and affection. If it be the poor man's business bank, we had seen enough to convince us that it is also, to a considerable extent, his bank of benevolence. Without some such medium for the transmission of his earnings when he could spare them, it would be comparatively rarely that he would administer to the wants of far distant friends and relatives. Few persons like to confide their coin to the chances of the post; and, be the risk of transmission that way small or great, we may safely conjecture that the existence of any risk at all would, in a large number of instances, operate as an excuse for declining the venture. The Money-order Office does away with the risk; and, from what we have just recorded, we are inclined to think that by presenting a continuous opportunity for the practical exercise of good-will, it may have done not a little towards the increase and diffusion of personal and social sympathy and benevolence.

Returning to the idea with which we set out—here is a means of transmitting money from any one part of the kingdom to another, available at a cost, in some instances, of only a half per cent. (or a two-hundredth part of the amount) to everybody. It is precisely because it is available to everybody, and that the multitude make use of it, that it is remunerative and therefore likely to be permanent. In times not very remote, the transport from place to place of money to any amount was a most costly process, involving a serious expenditure, a still more serious risk, and an indefinite consumption of time. The facilities afforded by the present banking systems, of which the Money-order Office may be looked upon as a popular modification, may well be regarded as a luxury; and, as we have seen, it is a luxury equally in the power of the poor and the rich.

#### "THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN RUSSIA." \*

THE domestic life and character of any people is to thoughtful minds a far more interesting study than the doings of its court or the history of its wars. Courts and wars are very much the same in all kingdoms within the limits of Europe; but popular life exhibits the real difference of national character and progress. These considerations give a special value to the work whose unpretending title heads this paper. Social peculiarities and

home institutions fall more immediately under feminine observation. It is also candid to confess, that for the lights and shadows of household history, a lady's eye is keener than that of her brother traveller, and her accounts are apt to be more clear and graphic. The authoress of the work before us speaks less of herself and her occupations in the far north than is the custom of most travellers. This is doubtless the effect of a prudent and highly respectable reserve; but, considering the familiar style and character of her work, readers in general would feel a kind of confidence in knowing the how and the why of her sojourn. As it is, we are informed that she resided ten years in Russia, and traversed its whole breadth from Archangel to Warsaw. What she saw and heard she relates with much skill and evident sincerity, of which we gladly avail ourselves to make some curious extracts from her pages.

The lady's acquaintance with Russian cities began at Archangel, and her description of the town is not very promising. "It was (for it has since been burned down) a long straggling street of dismal-looking wooden houses, mostly painted dark grey or black, with the window-frames and doors of a staring white. The only buildings that were tolerable were, as is commonly the case in Russian provincial towns, the government offices, the gymnasium, and the churches. In the winter, which lasts about eight months in the year, we lived almost entirely by candlelight, our monotonous existence only varied by a drive in the sledge, or a stiff formal ball at the governor's of the province, in which our sole amusement was staring at the uniforms, bowing to his excellency, and eating *bon-bons*."

These lively entertainments were varied by the visit of a tribe of Lamoides, who fled from the still more rigorous winter of their country, to encamp near Archangel, "which is a sort of Naples for them." Our authoress and her friends went to see them in their skin tents beside the pine forest. "Most of these nomads have been baptized into the Russian church; but a gentleman informed me that they paid very little respect to its forms and ceremonies, and he mentioned a circumstance that would seem to indicate that they had a much higher sense of the Supreme Being than the besotted serfs of Russia possess. It appears that he and another gentleman had paid one of the tribes a visit, when one of the men asked him if he were a Russian? On being answered in the negative, he showed him some pictures of saints, hidden under some skins in the tent, and pointing to them with disdain, he exclaimed, 'See! these are Russian gods, but ours,' raising his hand toward heaven, 'is greater. He lives up there.'"

Before leaving Archangel, the authoress attended a wedding-feast at the house of a starosta or village mayor, the details of which will doubtless interest our fair readers. "We followed our host, who ushered us, with many profound bows, into the best apartment, where we found a numerous company already arrived. There were at the least thirty women, all in their national dress, seated in straight rows round the room; most of them had their arms crossed, and remained almost motionless; their gaily coloured silks and showy head-

\* London: John Murray.



dresses had a very striking effect. The bride herself, a pretty looking girl of about seventeen, was seated at the upper end of the room, with the bridegroom at her right hand. A table covered with a white cloth, and tastefully ornamented with festoons of artificial flowers and bows of pink ribbon, was before them, on which was placed the wedding cake, made of flour and honey, with almonds on the top; several dishes of sweetmeats, preserves, and dried fruits were arranged around it. I noticed that the bride's fingers were loaded with rings; indeed she seemed to have on all the finery the whole family could muster. As for the bridegroom, he was a good-looking young man of twenty-two or so, and very respectably dressed in the costume of a shopkeeper, which consists of a long blue coat called a *caftan*, closely buttoned up to the throat. We were presented with tea, coffee, wine, *bon-bons*, cakes, and fruit in succession, all of which we were expected to partake of, or the hosts would think themselves slighted and their hospitality insulted. The spoons, I remarked, were of tula work, and had the appearance of being of gold, but were in reality silver gilt, with arabesque flowers all over them, which they say are done with some kind of acid; I believe the secret is not known out of Russia."

Winter travelling in the interior must be a tedious and dreary business, to judge from the following. "It is not an exaggeration to say that four-fifths of the northern portions of Russia consist of sandy plains and marshy forest-land; but in the winter it matters little what lies underneath the frozen snow. From Archangel to St. Petersburg we passed hundreds of *versts* of this description of country. In these districts utter desolation reigns; scarcely a living thing is seen; even the birds have deserted them, and have flown to the neighbourhood of the towns, to find there the food their native woods can no longer afford them. A solitary wolf or fox may occasionally be descried, either skulking among the bushes or sitting watchfully by the way-side, in faint hopes, perhaps, of some weary horse being left on the road to die, and to become the victim of the hungry droves, now lying *perdu* in the forest depths, and only scared from the traveller's path by the tinkling of the bell attached to the sledge. No other sound breaks the weary silence but the yell of the *zemstchick* (or driver) inciting his team to greater speed, or his wild voice chanting forth the songs of his people, which echo far away through these melancholy forests."

The life which these poor postilions lead seems little cheered by comforts. Our authoress says: "Wherever we stopped at night on our summer's journeys, all the space in front of the station was crowded with what at first sight I really thought were heaps of brown skins on the bare ground, but which I soon perceived were *zemstchicks*, all in readiness to be hired by the next travellers who might be passing. When a carriage arrived, they would suddenly start into life, and draw lots amongst themselves as to who should take the turn: he on whom the lot fell immediately fetched the horses and mounted; the rest threw themselves again on the ground and instantly returned to their slumber, so exactly like a number of animals, that it was painful to see them. In the

winter time they sleep in cribs something like a horse's manger, filled with a little hay or straw. 'Our peasants,' said a Russian to me, 'are nothing but brutes; the only argument with them is blows, for that is all they can understand.'"

Of this civilising principle the lady saw many an example, in the practice of Russian mistress as well as master. She has also deplorable and over true tales of grievous wrong and oppression, to which the rural serfs are too often subjected by "land-stewards, who have two pockets to fill—their own and the proprietor's;" nor are the latter always innocent of such charges. The floodgates of sin, which slavery always opens, send forth the same wicked waters on the sandy steppes of Russia as on the rice-growing swamps of Carolina. We are told of one noble countess, whose estate was taken from her by the reigning czar for mutilating the little children of her peasants, and of a count who invented a special engine of punishment for his vassals; but we prefer to pass over those instances of evil power, for the following example of home affection and patient content in one of the class so despised and degraded.

"Our *zemstchick* had been a soldier, he said, and boasted of having served the czar in every government in his dominions; but now that his time was out, he had turned post-driver. He told us that the last province he had been in was Podolia, of which he gave the most flourishing accounts.

"But," said I, "why did you not remain, when, as you say, your prospects were so good and the country so delightful?"

"Ah! *matutchka* (mother), how was it possible? I thought of my native village far away in the north. I was always longing to see the snow and pine forests again, which made me so miserable that I asked for my discharge; and as I had served the required term, here I am."

"But how did you return from so great a distance? did the government send you back?"

"Not at all, *barishna* (lady), I walked all the way."

"What! fifteen hundred *versts*?"

"Yes, to be sure, that is nothing."

"But I suppose you live comfortably here. You have a little pension, I dare say?"

"Pension! no; only the officers ever get that, and they only when they are wounded. But as for being well off, *slavo Bogen* (Heaven be thanked) we live as our neighbours do. I have a wife and two children; we get plenty of black bread and salt, and very often *stchie* (sour cabbage). What else could we wish for?"

In her long journeys, the authoress saw much of the rural population. "Nearly every house in the villages was furnished with a kind of settee outside, where in the evening we frequently saw groups of the peasants sitting to have a chat or to sing together their national airs, of which they are very fond." These, however, were the scenes and doings of summer-time, which, in the greater part of the czar's dominions, extends from three to four months in the year. In winter, there is a general wrapping up in sheepskins, for of that material the warm clothing of the Russian peasant is entirely formed. Doors are shut up and windows too, the latter consisting of a sort of trap-door in the wall.



Stoves are heated, and great splinters of pine give light for all manner of indoor work."

Official dishonesty in Russia is proverbial; and, as might be expected, our authoress bears witness to its prevalence. She quotes, indeed, some examples that are almost amusing, of dishonesty practised even on the despotic government. "Only a few of the streets of St. Petersburg are lighted with gas: the remainder still retain the obscurity of oil. Apropos of these same oil lamps: I was told by a Russian gentleman that the police authorities in the capital find them immensely to their advantage; for by lighting two wicks instead of three, which greatly economises the light and oil, and putting down the extra one to their own account, they manage to make a handsome profit by the end of the year."

A still more daring exploit of the subordinate officials is told in another page. "When the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow was nearly finished, orders came that it was to be ready on a certain day, as the imperial family were to visit the latter city, and proposed going thither by train. There were several miles of it entirely unconstructed; but, to obey orders, they patched them up in the best way they could, and laid the rails down so that the wagons might pass over them. The most wonderful thing was, that some fatal accident did not happen. The emperor, of course, knew nothing about it, or perhaps he would not exactly have liked to risk his own life and those of his court on the Moscow railroad."

"Bribery," the lady adds, "is everywhere practised. There are some honourable men among the *employés* undoubtedly, but they are generally so wretchedly poor that the temptation may be almost irresistible." Nor does it appear that the dealings of these gentlemen are more just in their social capacity. After premising that such tales would scarcely find credence in England, she says: "One day we saw an officer boldly pocket some money belonging to his neighbour, at cards. Another slipped some concert tickets up his sleeve, that were the property of my friend."

The disappearance of watches and trinkets in a similar fashion, our authoress learned was by no means uncommon; and people of high rank had a corresponding fear of leaving visitors alone in boudoir and drawing-room, even for an instant. Thus, we are told of the quantities of confectionery which ladies and gentlemen contrive to carry home from ball and party, and, worse still, of all sorts of trifles from the toilet-table, secreted by fair hands on such occasions.

From this unpleasant subject we turn to the lady's impressions of St. Petersburg. The much vaunted city did not, it seems, realise her anticipations of architectural grandeur. "It is true," she observes, "that in one *tableau* are assembled a number of splendid buildings, such as few capitals afford; but if within the same space were collected all the finest public buildings in London, with all the advantages of the great extent of ground and clear atmosphere, it would be easy to guess which would present the most imposing appearance. All the best shops in St. Petersburg are kept by foreigners; articles of clothing are very dear, especially those imported, which I was informed was mainly caused by the very great

duty imposed on them. The *Russian* shops are almost all confined to the Gostinnoi Dwor, a kind of bazaar, situated in the centre of the town. It is a square building surrounded by a piazza, and contains an immense number of warehouses. At the door of each shop, either the master or a servant takes his station, and endeavours to draw the stranger's attention to his goods. 'What do you wish, *sudarina*?—beautiful ribbons, laces, collars, handkerchiefs?' The shops that strike a foreigner most forcibly are those filled with pictures of the saints, household gods, and crosses. Here a St. Anthony, or St. Serge, a Virgin and Child, or a Catherine, as the purchaser may require, can be bought at any price, from sixpence to fifty guineas."

Business does not seem to be conducted on our English plan in these shops. The time spent in hard bargain-making must be considerable, where seventy-five copecks are asked for an arsheen or yard of ribbon, and fifty accepted: but ribbons are only for the rich in Russia; and the authoress gives a lively sketch of the business most patronised by the humbler classes, to whom tea and *votku* (an ardent spirit distilled from rye) are standing consolations in all their sorrows. Having described the sign of a tea shop—a necessary appendage, because few of the customers can read—as consisting of a tea-urn with cups set round it, rudely painted over the door, she introduces the company within. "Long-bearded shopkeepers, in their blue caftans, were buttoned up, *ivostchicks* or *droschky*-drivers, rough peasants from the country, in their loose shirts or sheepskins and with queerly cut hair, are all seated in little groups round small tables placed in lines down the whole length of the room, as many as it will contain. Young boys, in loose shirts, and mostly without shoes or stockings, are running about attending to the wants of the guests, bringing little loaves to one, rusks to another, and tea to all. Tea-cups do not seem to be the fashion, for most of the guests are drinking out of glasses; some prefer cream, but the majority have a slice of lemon simmering on the top; and a portion of sugar in a small saucer, all ready to be used, is near at hand; they do not put it into the glass, but hold it between their teeth and suck the beverage through it."

Tea appears to be generally sold on the upper floors, while the *votku* shops are cellars. Of their abundant custom and woful effects the lady saw more than enough. Intemperance is a vice which flourishes rankly among the Russian populace, of whom it is said that the sight of *votku* or copecks is sufficient to make their eyes sparkle with joy. Speaking of the superior classes, however, she observes that "a gentleman seldom takes much wine, and the ladies never. They have faults grave enough, but this is not one of them."

The faults referred to are grave indeed: a laxity of domestic morals, the general prevalence of gambling, and, among the poorer gentry, such personal habits as make the burning of perfumes a requisite in ball-rooms. The picture has nevertheless a bright side. Our authoress speaks in strong terms of their boundless hospitality to strangers, of their kindness as friends and acquaintances, and mentions one exemplary practice which might be set before our British gentry with

advantage; for she states that the Russians are uniformly liberal and considerate to the tutors and governesses employed in their families, who are almost invariably natives of France or England. The latter appear to be much respected, but the former are generally preferred, because, strange to say, French is the public language of all educated Russia, while the native tongue is dedicated to private life, and alone understood by the peasantry. There seems to be no want of splendour in dwelling or equipage. "A nobleman's mansion," says our traveller, "contains as much beautiful furniture, as many articles of taste and luxury, as we could see anywhere else; the apartments are, generally speaking, much larger and loftier than with us. The floors are not covered with carpets, but are composed of parquet, or inlaid oak: very often each room has a floor of a different design; the doors are shaded by rich hangings, matching the window curtains of each room; splendid chandeliers are everywhere suspended from above; many of the ceilings are richly painted in fresco, and a great deal of gilding adds to the effect; the chairs and sofas are covered with velvet or flowered silk of the most beautiful and delicate colours. . . . The less wealthy of the nobility take a suite of apartments (flats, as they are called in Scotland) in some large hotels built on the plan of those in France."

The "peculiar institution" of Russia makes domestics numerous about these great houses, so many as sixty men-servants being no uncommon retinue. The natural consequence is, that nobody of rank can do any manner of work whatever; and as estates are divided equally among all the children, poverty is a frequent accompaniment of high birth. Many of the nobly born have no dependence but the earnings of their serfs, who follow various trades and callings, and pay for that privilege whatever dues their masters demand. It sounds strange to read, in our free England, of a good dressing-maid being sold for eighty silver roubles and an old piano—of a portrait painter being the property of a poor nobleman—and of one wealthy magnate, bent on the pleasures of the table, and sending forth four of his serfs to be taught the whole art of cookery, one at Vienna, one at Naples, one at London, and a fourth in Paris. From the last-mentioned great things were expected, but he found out that there was freedom for him in France, and positively refused ever to return; which disappointment of all his hopes made the proprietor of five thousand peasants take to bed for a fortnight. More wonderful still would it seem to English readers, that many of the serfs are rich, being shopkeepers and land owners; but their masters prefer to retain such wealthy bondmen, and it is not considered proper for a Russian to aspire above the condition in which he was born; so they wear the sheepskin assigned them by law, and get fewer blows than the poor.

On a much more popular subject the lady gives us many curious particulars. "In Russia many marriages, even of people of rank, are made up by professed match-makers. In the villages an old woman is generally employed by a young man to find him a suitable partner; he gives a correct account of the prospect his wife may expect, both

of the agreeable and the disagreeable; how much work she will have to do; whether his mother be alive (for that is a great consideration, as the daughter-in-law is entirely under her rule during her life); how great a marriage portion he expects, etc; even the number of gowns and shoes is specified. A girl being found that will accept the terms, the courtship does not last long, for the church ceremony takes place immediately, or as soon after as possible. When a general order arrives in a village from the proprietor, desiring all the young men and women to get married, the priest makes very short work of the religious ceremony, and marries a dozen couples or so at once. A lady told me that she was present when twenty-five couples were united by one perusal of the mass appointed by the Greek church for the occasion. Very frequently old women will go about begging from house to house for the ladies' cast-off dresses with which to make their daughters' *trousseau*, as they say, unless she has a certain number, no one will have her. I have frequently myself thus contributed to a bride's dowry; for a Russian husband will take nothing by hearsay alone: he must be convinced by ocular demonstration that he is not going to be cheated."

The authoress describes several educational institutions, but they are all for the sons and daughters of nobility, and conducted on a somewhat monastic plan. It is also evident that gross ignorance and grievous superstition prevail among the masses, and the latter extends even to the superior ranks. "You English heretics will not believe in our miracles," said a Russian lady to our traveller, when calling the authenticity of certain relics in question; and large faith, or, more correctly speaking, credulity, would be requisite to believe in the multitude of northern and eastern saints, whose rudely executed pictures are adored in church and cottage. Of that worst instrument of tyranny, the spy system, and its effects on the Russian character, the lady speaks like one accustomed to tell her mind. After stating that she has often heard half-a-dozen people, in good society, discussing a government report, not a syllable of which they believed, with great animation and apparent certainty, she tells us of a deaf and dumb gentleman who came from Archangel to St. Petersburg, and was welcomed in the best circles on account of his superior intelligence. He was very accomplished, and could write French and German. Everybody invited him, and the most cautious talked freely in his presence, supposing that he at least must be a safe companion; but on his departure from the capital it was discovered that he had been a government spy, and could hear and speak too well for the comfort of many.

The evil effects of war reached the English-woman among her northern friends. Those with whom she had associated for years grew suddenly estranged, and at length it was not safe to reside longer in Russia. There is, however, one amusing anecdote, with which we take leave of her volume, as it illustrates the state of public information in Petersburg. A Russian gentleman, much given to boast of his country's prowess, which it appears was not uncommon, happening to visit an English lady of his acquaintance who lived near the quay, soon after the war was declared, began to console

with her on the very great disadvantage of her residence, "because," said he, "you will be continually disturbed by the cannon from the batteries announcing our victories."

"Ah! yes, my dear," said the English lady, we fear somewhat spitefully; "but you know that happens so seldom."

Let us hope that the cannon will soon cease to thunder—that war will be turned into peace over all the earth—and that a better day may yet rise on the enslaving ignorance and imperfect civilisation of Russia.

### WHAT I WAS AND WHAT I AM.

A DAY or two since, being in the office of the warden of the House of Correction, we were invited to visit the jail, to see some sketches made with charcoal upon the walls of the cell, by an individual who was recently confined there, awaiting his trial. He was a young man, charged with stealing; and has since been tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for two years. He committed the crime for which he is now suffering punishment when under the influence of intoxicating drink; and while in jail seemed to feel keenly the disgrace he had brought upon himself and friends.

One day, near the close of his confinement there, he requested as a favour that he might be furnished with a piece of charcoal. His request having been complied with, he sketched upon the rough white-washed walls, in a few hours, some twenty or thirty heads and figures, nearly covering the walls on two sides of his cell. Some of them were remarkably well executed, and the heads, in particular, are strikingly expressive. One set, of three figures, conveys a moral lesson which could be advantageously studied for hours. And we could but wish, while looking at them through the grated door of the cell, that the lessons there taught might be read by many who are pursuing a course similar to that which brought this young man to his present deplorable condition.

The first figure in this group is that of a bright boy, with his hoop in one hand and the driving-stick in the other, childishly, innocently, and happily pursuing the sports of youth, without a care or thought of the distant future. The next figure is that of a young man, whose excellent form, neat attire, and intelligent countenance bespoke one who might command the attention and love of the wise. The last figure is that of a person shabbily dressed, with hair uncombed, standing behind the grated door of a prison's cell. Directly over the second figure were the words, "What I once was!" and over the last, "What I now am!"

—*American Paper.*

Oh what a blessed change would it make in our hearts and lives did we but firmly believe this truth, that the best way to be comfortably provided for in this world is to be most intent upon another world.

No man will speak against religion that has either duly weighed the proofs and evidences of it, or duly tried the comfort and benefit of it.

### Poetry.

#### "WHAT THEN?"

LIGHT was his step, his eye was bright,  
The youth with gesture proud,  
Who thus, as fancy prompted, spake  
The exulting thought aloud:—  
"Oh! when the blessed time shall come  
That studious toils are o'er,  
And this stern college-durance past,  
Like uncaged bird I'll soar."

"What then?"—a reverend sage inquired:  
"High honours shall be mine,  
And listening crowds my wisdom seek,  
As to a Delphic shrine;  
For learning from my lips shall flow,  
And eloquence divine."

"What then?"—"Where'er my footsteps tend,  
A tide of wealth shall roll;  
And gems, and wine, and luxuries rare  
Be mine, from pole to pole;  
And men shall find my nod of power  
Their destinies control."

"What then?"—"Around my secret bower  
The wreaths of joy I'll twine,  
And all that youth and pleasure yield  
In transport, shall be mine;  
Cloudless and long my life shall be  
Till stars of evening shine."

"What then?"—"When all hath been enjoyed  
That charm the ear and eye,  
To mortal life's extremest verge,  
In sculptured tomb I'll lie,  
Because the sentence hath gone forth  
That all of dust must die."

"What then?"—A lightning flash of thought  
Quelled the proud spirit's dream,  
And conscience, with a lifted scourge,  
Broke in on Folly's theme;  
And for the mercy of his God  
He learned in prayer to bow,  
And seek a refuge in His Love,  
When Time's illusive span should prove  
One everlasting Now.

#### GOD IN ALL.

ALL earth is God's: His voice alike doth dwell  
In the tornado's wild destructive roar,  
And in the air too gentle in its course  
To move the pendent leaf, or e'en to waft  
The perfume of the flowers it passes o'er.  
The foaming cataract no louder speaks  
His presence than the gentle rivulet  
Which wells from out the bosom of the earth  
In some untrodden spot, and as it glides,  
Calm and unheard, marks out an unseen track  
Of verdant loveliness. His power creates  
Alike the awful stream of liquid fire  
That rushes down the dread volcano's side,  
As the life-holding glow which dwells within  
The leafy home of Nature's wanderers,  
Or the still gentler warmth which animates  
The meanest fluttering tenant of the air.  
God's power fills up all space; lives in all life.  
'Tis this impels the mighty rolling spheres,  
And shall at last be heard midst crash of worlds,  
Thundering aloud in elemental strife.  
But not the less doth this all-permanent power  
Dwell noiseless and unseen in solitudes  
Where man hath never been. The blade of grass,  
The insect's wing, the softly-beaming light  
Which lingers in the darkening western sky  
Or sparkles in the dew-drop—all are His:  
His power sustains; His love encircles all.

J. M. F.

## Varieties.

**THE RACES ON THE ICE FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO CRONSTADT.**—"At the commencement of winter," says Ancelet, a French writer, "they trace on the ice the road that leads from St. Petersburg to Cronstadt, and which is indicated by landmarks raised on either side. From league to league one finds well-warmed sentry-boxes, where sentinels are placed, who, in foggy weather, keep up fires at certain intervals, and ring bells, the prolonged sound of which animates and guides the traveller. About the middle of the route a *restaurant* is established. The immense multitude of persons, of all ages and both sexes, enveloped in their large fur pelisses, and gliding with indifference over the fragile surface that separates them from the deep, offers a strange spectacle to the inhabitants of more southern countries, and occasions in their minds a dread unknown to the people of the north. But it is when the races with the 'boners' (a kind of sledge made with boats) have commenced, that more especially the Cronstadt road presents a most animated spectacle. These 'boners' are constructed of boats fixed on two iron plates resembling those of skates; a third piece of iron is fitted under the rudder; benches for the travellers are arranged around this craft, which carries one or two and sometimes three masts. These vessels, equipped with various rigging and ornamented with flags of different colours, being propelled by the wind, which at this season blows with violence, and under the direction of skilful guides, fly along with incredible rapidity. The pale-looking sun pours down upon them his rays, which convey no warmth. The sails expand, the wind rises, and the vessels dash on; while the sailors, by varied manoeuvres, strive to outstrip one another; and thus, in less than an hour, a distance of ten leagues is accomplished. Peter the Great was very fond of these races on the ice, and his great foresight knew how to turn them to good account, pursuing without intermission the design which his genius had formed, viz., of training seamen; and fearing that, in the inaction of a long winter, the men whom he had initiated in the secrets of manœuvring vessels should lose the advantage of his instructions, he exercised them in this manner; and on a solid ocean, so to speak, furnished them with that experience which they afterwards displayed on the stormy seas."

**THE "DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S" STORES.**—We have been favoured, by one of our correspondents, with the following inventory and weight of the enormous stores which are required to equip that floating fortress, when engaged on active service; and which, for the curious insight it affords into the internal economics of our larger men-of-war, will, we doubt not, be examined with interest by most of our readers:—

	tons.	cwt.	lbs.
Four anchors . . . . .	22	12	0
Twelve boats:—viz., 2 launches, 1 pinnace, 3 cutters, 3 gigs, and 1 dingey . . . . .	12	8	0
Gunners' stores . . . . .	22	15	0
(These include all the spare gear for the guns.)			
Boatswain and carpenter's stores . . . . .	97	8	0
Coals . . . . .	642	0	0
Guns—131 for the ship and 5 for the boats . . . . .	368	17	0
Round-shot—11,560 in number . . . . .	158	13	0
Shell—1100 in number . . . . .	19	12	0
Grape and case shot . . . . .	11	3	0
Powder . . . . .	63	17	0
Muskets and small arms:—viz., 342 muskets, 50 rifles, 90 Colt's revolvers, 20 tomahawks, 160 boarding-pikes, and 650 cutlasses . . . . .	12	5	0
Bread—825 bags . . . . .	41	5	0
Rum . . . . .	10	10	0
Sugar, tea, and cocoa . . . . .	7	15	0
Salt beef, in 8-pound pieces . . . . .	20	12	0
Salt pork, in 4-pound pieces . . . . .	20	11	0
Flour . . . . .	11	2	0
Peas . . . . .	10	7	0
Vinegar . . . . .	2	0	0
Suet . . . . .	1	2	0
Mustard and pepper . . . . .	1	0	0
Tobacco, soap, candles, and wearing apparel . . . . .	16	4	0

Water . . . . .	263	1	0
(In addition to which this ship can evaporate 2½ tons per hour.)			
Captain's stores . . . . .	3	0	0
Wardroom stores . . . . .	4	0	0
Midshipmen's stores . . . . .	4	0	0
Holy stones and sand . . . . .	6	0	0
Marines' stores . . . . .	0	15	0
Medical stores . . . . .	0	10	0
Officers', seamen's, marines', and boys' bags and beds . . . . .	137	10	0
Masts, in all . . . . .	123	15	0
Iron cables . . . . .	56	11	0
Rope cables . . . . .	7	18	0
Standing rigging . . . . .	38	0	0
Running rigging . . . . .	46	0	0
Blocks . . . . .	9	0	0
Sails . . . . .	15	1	0
Engines and boilers, when filled with water . . . . .	623	12	0
The fan of the screw . . . . .	8	14	0
Engineers' stores . . . . .	17	5	61

**FRIENDSHIP.**—If you would have a friend, you must first find him; and, as this is an important point to gain, too much care cannot be bestowed upon your search. Be very cautious in your selection—as it is not every man who calls himself, or even appears to be, your friend who really is such. Before you venture to entertain the friendship of any man, or offer him yours, be perfectly assured that he is worthy of it; do not rashly lose sight of this precaution, as on its proper observance depends the comfort, nay, even safety, of your choice. Never believe that real friendship can exist without respect; therefore, if you observe in the character, habits, or disposition of any of your acquaintance aught that tends to lessen your esteem for him as an individual or a Christian, do not think to make that man your friend. When you have found a friend, your next care must be to keep him. This will depend almost entirely upon yourself. Solomon says, "A friend loveth at all times;" but do not presume too much, nor ever take advantage of your position, by making it the plea for a careless and neglectful manner. The baneful influence of such behaviour is too often seen in family relationships, and be assured it is most detrimental in diminishing that respect which is indispensable to true friendship. Finally, you will do well to remember the proverb of the wise man above quoted: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

**THE BIBLE THE FIRST-FRUIT OF PRINTING.**—The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarin Bible, which appeared about 1455. It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth, in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarin Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong, black, and tolerably handsome characters. . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowded myriad of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first-fruits to the service of heaven.—*Hallam's Lit. of Europe.*

**THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.**—The Russian language is one of the richest and most beautiful in the world: it is soft and agreeable in sound, and has not the defect of the Italian in being too effeminate; it contains many words that express the same ideas. If ever a Slavonic Milton or Shakespeare arise, he will find an inexhaustible treasure in his native tongue wherewith to express his thoughts, but at present there is scarcely any national literature, owing to the deadening influence of the government. The principal Russian authors are Pushkin the poet, Karamsin the historian, and Kriloff the writer of fables.